THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers. 1. Write pininly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not gencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 256 words.

256 words.
4. Original etories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the address all communications to Uncle Jed Bulletin Office.

Bulletin Office.
"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you cay—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY. IT'S GOING TO RAIN.

How do I know it is going to rain
When the sky is yet so fair?
The way I tell is by the curls
In my baby's sunny hair.

When they creep and cling about he brow,
Like the tendrils of a vinc,
You may search the sky for a little You may hear in the pine.

And so the angels whisper to me, As we look through the window pane; And I tell baby—and baby tells me—

Just when it is going to rain THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I lent my dear Dolly, and what do you They gave her no food: they gave her They gave her no food, they gave he no drink:
They left her uncovered all night in the cold—
My dear little Dolly, not quite a year

Her color, how faded! It rained where she lay; She had for her pillow a wisp of wet To have her so treated, say, who would not scold? My own little Dolly, not quite a year

Now, swallow it, Dolly-this little white pill Twill cure you, my darling, I know that it will; We'll no more be parted, for love or My dear little Dolly, not quite a year

UNCLE JED'S TALK WITH WIDE-AWAKES.

Did you ever hear a boy or a gir say, "I don't know what to do next!" Now the boy or girl who does not know what to do next must be pretty hollow inside and need filling up.

or girl: "If you don't know what to do don't do it."

But there is no such thing in this world as doing nothing, because even then one is acquiring a bad habit. Lots of people who do nothing are making life hard for themselves.

There is always something for every one to do. If they need not help themselves they may find joy in helping some one else.

The person who doesn's know what to do next is confessing that he belongs to those "who having eyes see not and having ears hear not."

This is the way the Bible has of politely describing stupid people. In teaching goodness the Bible could not neglect politeness, but I guess you may have noticed some folks who read their Bible have never found this out. They belong to the class who having eyes

If you do not know what to do next you cannot be a Wide-Awake, for our wide-awakes always keep in mind that the thing to do next is the first good or useful thing that needs doing.

Keep busy. Be afraid of being idle. Don't you know some one ages ago said: "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do;" and this has served as a warning to all mankind ever since.

Uncle Jed thinks this was what "the Hoosier poet" had in mind when he wrote: The gobble'uns 'll get you if you don't watch out.

No Wide-Awake will be caught saying: "I do not know what to do next!" There is enough to do in this world for every one in it for all time.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

tage every morning. She was always dressed simply, but very attractively, and we admired her greatly. We noticed that she had many beads—blue Anna Corcoran, of Lowell, Mass .-- I beads for her blue dress, pink beads, red beads. In fact, she had a string of brads for each dress.

One day we mentioned the beads. "It does take a little time," she said. "But I like beads."

"Time!" we ejaculated. thank you very much for the nice prize book you sent me entitled: "The Camp Fire Girls in the Maine Woods." I have read it and find it very inter-

Miriam Gordon, of North Franklin. I received the prize book awarded me and have read it and enjoyed it very much. Thank you. Irene McCarthy, of Norwich-I thank

you very much for the prize book I received I think it is very nice. I hope to win another soon.

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS.

1-Augusta Shershevsky, of Norwich 2-Ralph Olsen, of Baltic-The Boy Scouts Mountain Camp. 3-Martha Hargey, of Uncasville-Mrs. Pinner's Little Girl.

This is a good rule for such a boy | 4-Anna Corcoran, of Lowell, Mass.

HIS CHAMPION

"Tom is my friend," said the freckied boy, "and besides, ma, you don't understand him. Now, Tom is a regular piker at some things, but when it sick so she couldn't and she asked Tom comes to knowin' a lot, he's right there, to do it for her; and he's full of "pop" too. Why only yesterday, he made the brilliantist remarks to the teacher. You know she him do it for her. Well, he did, and he was telling us about snoe factories didn't. He tied the dust-cloth around and how the leather is tanned, and the his rabbit and shut him inside the kind of bark they get from trees to doll-house. He said he had to go use in the tannin' process and she through the doors to get around, and

askin' her if they took the skin from something to help him out. He calls her calves to make her shoe of; and his rabbit his "labor-saving device"

knew all the time what she was talk-in about. She just gasped and asked him how he happened to be so bril-boy, as he liant; and he popped up again and said it must be because his father worked in the Gas Light office. She gasped again and asked him if he was night-headed, too. He only grinned and said he guessed he was, as he had light hair.

Then she told him to stay after school and get a little light on the leather subject. I thought that was mean of her when she didn't stick him

the teacher," responded his mother.
"Goodness, mu, I never could think
of such smart things to say. I just wished I was as bright as Tom is "Now the other day, he was at the drug store where he works every night after school until 6 o'clock, and he asked Mr. Bradley if he could get off a half hour early that night as he had left his school books at the library on his road there from school, and he'd

on his road there from school, and he ugot to have them the next morning, and the library closed at 6.

Mr. Bradley said he could go, but he ought to have been more thoughtful about them, and not leave them there. Tom told me he left them on purpose so's he could get off early. That's pose so's he could get off early. That's the cleverest scheme I ever heard of. "He can do anything, Tom can," sighed the freckled boy. "He can ride his bike without touching the handle-bars; and he's the best pitcher on our

aseball team. He's lucky, too. He st Jimmy Cole 10 cents that he could sat him to school yesterday. He was go way around by the grist mill, nich is farther, than by the red lage, the way Jimmy was to go. mmy knew it was farther, so he pok up the bet, but he lost, cause when he got to the school Tom was sitting in the step laughing at him. You see, they both started forether but Tom they both started together, but Tom came back and got his blke and he got to the school five minutes before Jimmy did. He didn't say how they was to go, only just who would be there first, and he was, so he got the

ly a hundred families there, judgin' from the young ones that were on the steps, and he left enough to go around. He was just quick to see it, that's all. "I do think that Tom is hen-pecked, though," the boy went on. "His mother makes him work around for her."

"His mother is lame, and he ought to help her all he can," added the boy's mother.

"Well he does, cause he told me that when his little sister was sick he had to wait on her and one day, she said

aught Tom whispering to Ellen he'd do the dusting, so he went off and left him. Imagine having to dust the told me afterwards he was only that thing. He was clever to think of

her calves to make her such the teacher up and asked him, just as suddin', what kind of troes they took the bark from. She trought she'd catch him, but I tell you he was smart and he popped right up and sez: "Fac'trees, Miss Day."

"Fac'trees, Miss Day."

"Blower? It shows he rabbit did."

"I guess not," shouted the freckled boy, as he was making for the door,

"I'm going to find Tom and see what

VADA WILCOX.

THE DRAWBACKS OF YOUTH

"Frances Barton, do you know what it is? Get right up this minute8 o'clock and you're still in bed. The idea! There is no need of your being so terribly lazy. Get up this instant, and hurry about it, too! You'll be late for school and then you will be afraid to go in. Come hurry up. I'll have your breakfast ready in five minutes, and you see that you're ready to eat it!"

"Oh ma, say now, honest I'm so der such conditions very rapidly.

The grain sown should be the most plump and perfect kernels from a

utes, and you see that you're ready to eat it!"

"Oh ma, say now, honest I'm so sleepy I just hate to get up. Oh I wish it was Sat'dy, honest I do. Why, when a feller works hard as I did yesterday after school, he needs a little rest, and it don't seem's if I'd been in bed an hour altogether. Gee! all my bones ache, honest ma. You ought to feel sorry for me stead-of making me hurry; and besides I got a whole hour before school begins, and I can run like anything when I get started. I'm the fastest and bestest runner in the school. Can't I stay here ten minutes longer, ma? Honest! I'll hurry up like anything when I do get up. Oh! gee! your hard on a feller to make me get up this very particular minute. Why, I sin't got my eyes open at al lyet! Seems though I can't, they're so heavy like."

"Chub's mother, she lets him stay in bed as long as he wants to. Why only last week just once he had time to eat his breakfast and that was one day his father was home and he made

day his father was home and he made him get up. No, he ain't lazy, neither. Chub is a fast enough hurrier same's I am, only he is growing like me an he needs lots of rest same's I do. Th

they both started together, but Tom came back and got his bike and he got to the school five minutes before Jimmy did. He didn't say how they was to go, only just who would be there first, and he was, so he got the ten cents.

The other day a man said he'd give him 25 cents if he'd go around with a hundred hand bills for his auction. Tom said he would, so he got the money and he left one at the first ten houses and when he got to the Polock block, he left all the rest of them in the hallway.

"That wasn't right," said the freckled boy's mother, "He didn't earn the 25 cents," "Oh, yes it was ma! Why, he said he thought there must be nearly a hundred families there, judgin' from the young ones that were on the steps, and he left enough to go around. He was just quick to see it, that's all.
"Id o think that Tom is hen-pecked, though," the boy went on. "His mother makes him work around for her."
"His mother is lame, and he ought to help her all he can," added the boy's mother.
"Well he does, cause he told me that when his little sister was sick he had to weit on her and one day, she said

VADA WILCOX.

VADA WILCOX

Harry Whistled. Once upon a time there was a little boy whose name was Harry. One cold night Harry was driving home his father's cows through the

Versailles.

ANNA LAROCHE.

woods. He was afraid that he might meet a bear.

That night the air was sharp. Once a chestnut burr dropped at the boy's 5-Erma Miner, of Hadlyme-The fotor Made by Rose, Shamrock and

-Motor Maids at Sunrise Camp.

after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-

AWAKES.

My Pet Cotton-Botton.

Two days later I went to visit my

errand for my mother and I started from the house at eleven o'clock and came home about two as it was a long journey, and I could not return

My rabbit's custom was to be fed at twelve o'clock, and I wasn't home and

nobody fed him. When I came back I looked for my rabbit but couldn't find him. I searched for him about a week or more, and at last gave up hope and stopped looking for him. I have never found him since I have spent many hours thinking of my "Cotton-Botton" and at times when alone

Botton," and at times when alone would have to cry for I had nobody

to play with,
ROSE KESSLER age 11.

A String of Beads For Every Dress.

A very pretty girl passed by our cot-

"You mean money, don't you?"
"No, I mean time," she insisted. "I

make them myself."
We could hardly believe it, but she
finally convinced us that it was true.
"I have a good many of them, too,"
she said. "I get thirty-five cents a

colored water consists of three table-

spoons of water with enough coloring in it to give the desired shade. Red

This polored water is noured over

MARTHA HARGEY, age 12.

He Won a Reward

Bill Smith as he sat down on a slope of the hill which overlooked the little

town in which he lived.
Glancing up he beheld a large boulder in the road and heard the chug-chug of an automobile coming at

es hard as he could. The driver got down to see what was the matter. Then the boy told him all about it.

The next morning he received a nice

The cat is one of the most haray

and thrifty of grains, and is a native

of cold climates, although it will adapt itself to a wide range of latitude and a great variety of soils. It, however,

succeeds best in the northern part of the temperate zone, being decidedly a plant of that section; but does not grow as far north as barley.

It can be grown in a southern lati-

tude where the summers are long and

the temperature very warm, but it does not flourish as well in such lo-

calities, and is apt to degenerate un-

crop cultivated on good soil and un-affected by disease of any kind, such

Oats are one of the very best crops cultivated for feeding working ani-mals, and especially as provender for

while in blossom and cured like hay it makes excellent fodder for cows

that are giving milk.

When stirred into water oatmea makes a very healthful beverage for

laborers in hot weather; and obviates the evil effects of drinking too much water under such circumstances. LILLIAN BREHAUT.

Their Pretty Cat.

One day a huntsman went into the woods for same. All of a sudden he saw a fawn. Drawing his bow quick-ly he shot the young deer. Just then he heard a rustling and knowing he

was in the king's field he started to

Two children were coming out to pick flowers and they saw their pet fawn lying on the ground Their

neart began to beat faster because

East Norwich, N. Y.

as rust or smut.

ASA HYMAN, Age 12.

town in which he lived.

"Time!" we ejaculated,

make them myself."

ture must be cool.

Uncasville.

Colchester.

et. "Winter will soon be here," said the 6-Rose Kessler, of Colchester-The Bobbsey Twins at Snow Lodge. boy to himself
It was dark, Harry could just see
the shape of the cows. There were
five of them. Now the cows were in 7-Anna Blatherwick, of Norwich-The Bobbsey Twins in the Country. 8-Louis Schel, of Norwich-The boy Scouts and the Army Airship. "I think I will go by the woodpath," said the boy to himself. So he ran on before the cows and let down the bars into the wood path. The end of wood path was near the door of the bars. It was very still in the woods. The winners of prize books living in the city may call at the Bulletin business office for them at any hour

wood path was near the door of the barn. It was very still in the woods and Harry whistled as he walked. He had never been in the woods after dark before.

He was glad that he was not far from home. When Harry was on the top of the hill he could see the light in the kitchen. He whistled more loudly then ever, for he knew he was near home. One day in spring in the month of May I thought I would go and visit a faithful friend of mine. She was going to feed her rabbits and asked me to go with her. Of course, I could not refuse to go as I love rabbits.

She had about fifty rabbits and promised to give me one in a few days. We fed the rabbits with clover. When they ate they kept their noses moving.

Two days later I went to visit my near home.

EMILY HADEN, Age 11. Norwich.

The Fox in the Well.

There was once a fox walking through a meadow. He fell into a well, and called for help, but nobody friend again and she showed me a yellow rabbit which she promised me. The rabbit was just shedding his fur and had little bunches of cotton on came for a long time, until at last a wolf passed by and hearing some one calling he went over near the well.

Looking in he saw the fox in the My friend asked me what I would call my rabbit and I said: "Cotton-

well.
"Oh! Who is there?", said the "It is I," said the fox.
"Oh," said the wolf, "how long have
you been there? You must be cold.
Oh! Wouldn't it be awful if you
should get sick and die. You poor

thing. "Oh," said the fox, "get me out and then pity me."
CATHERINE Me D. BUCKLEY,

A Story About the Eskimos. The Eskimos live near the North

It is always cold there.

They are always dressed in fur.

The Eskimos eat the bubbler of the whale and fish.

The Eskimos live in huts.

have a stone lamp to do the cooking, and light and warm the hut. The Eskimos have dogs to draw their sleds, and they often move from place to place to find seal and fish.

JOSEPH HEEERT, Age 11. Ballouville.

The Statue of Liberty.

The Statue of Liberty.

In 1886 the statute of liberty was placed in New York city. This statue was the statue of "Liberty, enlightening the world," which was given by the Frenchmen to the United States as an expression of friendly feeling towards our country.

The statue cost more then \$200,000 and was paid for by 100,000 Frenchmen. It was placed on Bedloe's Island now called Liberty Island. The statue is 151 feet high and the pedestal is 55 feet high.

MATILDA GAYESKI.

Colchester.

string."

"Does it cost much? No, indeed, it doesn't cost anything. They are made of salt, flour and water, and a little coloring? Yes, that is all. This is the way they are made. For the dough, use two tablespoons of salt and one tablespoon of flour. This must be heated a little, and then the colored water, which has been heated to the boiling point is poured over it. The colored water consists of three table-One day many years ago, a brig cast off from her moorings, and sailed from a British port for the Polar Seas. That brig never came back. Many a hearty cheer was given, many a kind wish was uttered, many a handkerchief was waved, and many a tearful eye gazed that day as the vessel left Old England and steered her causes in the tear of the causes in the cause in the that day as the vessel left Old Eng-land, and steered her course into the unknown regions of the far north. But no cheer ever greeted her re-turn; no bright eyes ever watched her homeward-bound sails rising on the far-off horizon. Battered by the storms of the Arctic Seas, her sails ink will make all shades of pink, red and rose. Bluing will make all shades of blue. Fruit; pices are good for col-oring, too. Diamond dyes are good, far-off horizon. Battered by the storms of the Arctic Seas, her sails and cordage stiffened by the frosts, and her hull rasped and shattered by the ice of those regions, she was forced on a shore where the green the heated flour mixture and well mixed, if you want scented beads, derfumes or oil of cloves may be used. The beads must be molded in the hands, any size desired, but the mixgrass has little chance to grow, where winter reigns nearly all the year Sweet oil is used on the hands to prevent "sticking." After they are hardened they may be strung on waxed

merchandise, and never drives his There the brig was frozen in; there, for two long years, she lay unable to move, and her starving crew forsook her; there, year after year she lay, unknown and unvisited by civilized man, and unless the wild Eskimos have torn her to pieces, and made spears of her timbers, or the ice has swept her out to sea and whirled her to de-

where man never sends his

FRANCIS O'CONNELL, age 13

His First and Last Smoke.

full speed down the hill.
Without any hesitation he ran out
in the middle of the road and shouted It was a hot day in July, and Bobby had just finished his dinner, when a whistle was heard. Ife immediately jumped up and hurried toward the door. "Why what's the matter" asked his mother.
"It's all right," interrupted his

father, looking through the window, "It is his chum, Billy." "You may go out and converse with him," he added to Bob. He went out and in a little while

"May I go swimming?" he asked.
"Why Robert!" began his mother
who did not want her son to be put
in any danger for she thought swimming a dangerous sport.

"You may go," answered his father, who happened to be in good humor that day. He went out joyously and they On the day Bill found a box of cigarettes. He suggested they smoke cigarettes. He suggested they smoke one, but Bob refused. Bill kept on urging Bob until he agreed. They smoked but did not feel the ill effects until later, when Bob's head began to turn and feel as if it was going to

They turned around and went home. When Bob arrived at his house he tried to put on a bold front: but his mother saw there was something the matter an questioned him until he confessed. She then made him swear not to smoke again which he willingly. the horse, they are superior to all other grains. For invalids and young children,

oatmeal is very nutritious and strengthening when properly preparnot to smoke again which he willingly Oat straw makes quite good feed for farm animals when cut fine and mixed with other materials. When cut Now Bob is a rich man and advises young boys not to smoke.

LOUIS LOBEL.

Hannah Dustan.

It happened one morning when Thomas Dustan went to the fields to work he saw some Indians coming.

He had left his wife home sick in bed with her nurse, Mary Neff, and his eight children. There was not a moment to be lost, so he rode back and through his excitement he told of the Indians and his children ran to the nearest garrison.

He then left his wife and rode as

fast as he could to meet his children. He snatched up the youngest and put spurs to his horse and rode fast with the Indians behind him firing toma-

hawks.

They finely entered Mrs. Dustan's house and bidding her get up while they searched through the house. The nurse with the new-born baby had run out of the house. they feared it was dead.

Sitting down beside the fawn the little girl began to cry. The fawn Mrs. Dustan got up, dressed feebly and as they led her out of the house they set fire to it. Mrs. Dustan and Mrs. Neff, who still held the baby, were marching with

began to move.

Then the children went and told their father that their fawn was hurt. the rest.
One of the Indians took the baby He sent a servant who bound up the wound and carried the fawn to the stable. With good care the deer refrom Mrs. Neff and dashed its brains out against a tree.

The travelers went many miles a day for several days toward Canada.

The family of Indians where Mrs. Dustan and Mrs. Neff lived consisted of twelve Indians and an English lad covered and was able to run and jump

named Samuel Leonardson whom they had captured a year and a half before.

Mrs. Dustan and her two friends wing made plans to kill the Indians, Leonardson found out a way to kill Indians parts of the coast of Australia, New

TOMMY TID.

Tommy Tid says:-



I know a little girl who worried and worried kause her grandpa had gone to heaven without his spectacles.

by striking them in the temple, and how the sclaps are torn from victim's head. At the dead of night the captives killed all but two who escaped. They carried the scalps home. All the colonists greeted them with much joy. Governor Nicholson sent Mrs. Dustan a pewter tankard.

ANNA BLATHERWICK are 14 ANNA BLATHERWICK, age 14.

The Lion and the Mouse. A little mouse, who was playing in the woods, carelessly ran so near a sleeping lion that she was caught be-neath his heavy paw. The lion could easily have crushed her to death; but

the mouse begged so piteously that he lifted his foot and sat her free. Not long after, the lion was caught in a hunter's net. He struggled to free himself, but every movement twisted the cords more tightly about him. He new that he must lose his life if he could not escape before the hunters arrived. He roared frightfully

Just then the little mouse appeared, ran up across his broad shoulders and whispered in his ear: "Keep quiet a moment and I will set you free."

"You?" said the lion, you tiny creature?"

himself from the net.
"What can I do for you?" he cried, "What can I do for you? he cried, looking gratefully upon his tiny helper. "Ah," said the mouse, "you do not remember? There was offee a time when you saved my life,"

AURORE MASSON, age 10. the cow's and caives. We went inside to wait till the storm was over. I just about sat down when I heard a crack of thunder and saw a flash of light-ning.

Mother cried: "The house is struck!"

Speak Gently.

"Please buy my penny songs!" cried feeble voice in one of the streets of

our city. The day was bitter cold and little The day was bitter cold and little Katie had left her cheerless home to earn, if possible, a few pennies.

Poor Katie! Her little voice was feeble because many passed her by unnoticed and she felt discouraged. Soon she found herself in a music store, standing beside a beautiful lady, who was sitting there selecting music

soon Katie seid, "O Lady! I cry, not because you gave me the money, but because you spoke so kindly to me." BESSIE FOX, age 11.

Norwich.

Willie's Question.

Willie was a city boy who had come to visit his grandmother. His cousin was there, too.

One day his cousin took him all over the farm to see the animals. The first

What is that questioned Willie? "That is a cow," said Fred. But what are those on its head? Those are horns.

Then when Willie and Fred had gone little, the cow moved about three times. Then Willie said, "What horn did he Fred was so much alarmed that he ran away from his cousin Willie.
JOHN ANDREW.

How An Oyster Makes a Pearl. The oyster, with its hard, rough shell and its soft, flabby little body, is not

a beautiful creature to look at, but it gives us one of the most beautiful things in the world. From the oyster we get the pearl. How does the oyster get the pearl? It gets it in the strangest way.

When the oyster is a tiny thing it floats about on the top of the sea,

without any shell, just like a little piece of jelly.

But when the shell begins to grow the oyster gets too heavy to swim, and has to sink down to the bottom of the sea.

It is quite happy there. It fastens itself to a rock or to something eise, and opens its shell and lets in the seawater, which has in it the little things which the oyster eats to make it fat and big.

But sometimes it gets more than it is the state of sand

wishes to have. A tiny speck of sand enters the shell and presses against the oyster's body. Perhaps it may be the egg of a fish or a tiny speck of a sea insect. The poor oyster cannot get it out; but, as it cannot bear to be tickled by what-ever it is which has got into its shell, it sets to work to cover it over and make it smooth Then something very wounderful

nappens. From the oyster's body there comes a fluid which covers the sand, or what-ever it may be. The fluid hardens. Then there comes more and more fluid, layer upon layer of it This also be-comes hard, and in time that little speck of sand is changed into a lovely

Guinea, Borneo, the Philippine Islands,

Guinea, Burneo, the Philippine Islands, and Ceylon. They are brought up out of the sea by brave divers.

Some of the divers who are able to catch an oyster with its shell open drop little things into it to become coated with pearl.

There are in the Natural History Museum, in South Kensington, London, a collection of shells into which the Chinese put some figures of little idols. These idols are now quite cated over with mother-of-pearl. The outside of the shell becomes the inside. But as the outside wears away, the oyster keeps building up the mother-of-pearl inside, so that the shell shall not become thinner or less safe for not become thinner or less safe for his home beneath the sea. ERMA MINER, age 12.

When Fritz Went to School.

Fritz was Johnny Carr's dog. One day Fitz followed Johnny to school. Miss Mary said she would let Fritz stay in school if every one was very, very quiet. Fritz laid down and was soon asleep.

"We will have a spelling match," said Miss Mary. The boys stood on one side of the room and the girls on the other. Soon there were only twelve girls and five boys. Then four girls remained standing, but no boys went down. Then there were only one boy and one girl.

and limbs felt the after-effects of marching.

Remembering S lo a n's Liniment went to bed. He writes: "I arose the next morning feeling line; in fact I had entirely forgotten about the hike and went out for a four-hour drill in the sun as, spry as ever."

Private Jones applied it to the sore spots and went to bed. He writes: "I arose the next morning feeling line; in fact I had entirely forgotten about the hike and went out for a four-hour drill in the sun as, spry as ever."

Private Jones applied it to the sore spots and went to bed. He writes: "I arose the next morning feeling line; in fact I had entirely forgotten about the bike and went out for a four-hour drill in the sun as, spry as ever."

Private Jones passed the experience along, and many a boy on the border relieved the agony of sprains, strains, true from the sun as spry as ever."

Private Jones applied it to the sore spots and went to bed. He writes: "I arose the next morning feeling line; in fact I had entirely forgotten about the bike and went out for a four-hour drill in the sun as, spry as ever."

Private Jones applied with the after-effects of marching.

went down. Then there were only one boy and one girl.

"Rats," said Miss Mary, "R-r-r-ats," "Bow-wow-wow," said Fritz and he jumped up and ran all around the room tearing down maps, upsetting little children, knocking down pencils and books. The little children cried. But Miss Mary was laughing. The principal came into the room and Miss Mary explained to him. The principal could not help laughing.

"Who won the spelling?" asked the boy who had stood up longest.

"Fritz did," answered Miss Mary.

ANNA CORCORAN, age 13.

ANNA CORCORAN, age 13.

The Woodchuck.

The woodchuck is a native of swamps, and damp meadows, where it finds plenty of worms and insects to feed on. It picks out a dry sheltering spot and builds a nest of grass and

leaves.
The woodchuck's nest is put together loosely. Then mother wqodchurch lays her yellowish-brown eggs spotted with dark brown and gray. As soon as the young ones are hatched she takes them one by one and carries them in her claws and sets the little ones down on the soft, spongy ground where they can be easily fed. For all mothers are watchful of their little ones.

BLANCH LUCIER. Taftville.

Damage Done By Lightning. My brother, sister and I started to school one day last year in September, on a very warm day. We went to school with a happy heart never think-"Yes, I," said the mouse; "just wait ing that there was going to be a storm.

While coming home I heard rumbling far off. Thinking it was blasting and see."

The lion lay quiet and helpless. The mouse began to gnaw the cords: first one and then another she cut with her tiny, sharp teeth.

"Now stretch yourself," she said to the lion.

"Now stretch yourself," she said to the lion. the lion.

With one great bound the lion freed home in time to help my brothers get in some corn so it wouldn't get wet. And then took in the cow's and calves. We went inside

ning.

Mother cried: "The house is struck!"
but looking all around the house we did not find any Hames. But my sister ran into the parlor and saw that the barn was in flames. She cried "firs!"
"The barn is on fire!" We all inn and got the cows and calves out. An the neighbors came but they could not do anything to save the darn fail of hay. And now I am aiways afraid of a storm.

RALPH OLSEN, age 13.

Baltic. A Tale of the First French Settlers. In the olden days there lived a French King, who was known to his She again uttered her little cry. French King, who was known to his "Please buy a penny song!" But the lady, not hearing what she said turned as he walked in the east court of the towards her, and, with the kindest, sweetest smile, said gently, "What is it, darling?" at the same time putting the marks of decay and desolation. A piece of money in her hand.

Katie not thinking what she did, laid her head in the lady's lap and cried as though her heart would and nobie! Somehow I must redeem

the fortune of the royal family, or out powers will be at an end.

After reading many books and dreaming many dreams, a journey to America was decided upon as a means of enriching the royal family; and preparations were made for the jour-ney. It was a hard one and many times the king was taken sick and his people thought he would die, but they reached America in safety and sent back to France for more people and

so made a little colony.

1RENE McCARTHY, age 12.

The First Mail in America. The first mail on the American con-tinent started from New York for Bos-ton on New Year's Day, 1673. The postman followed Bowery Lane till it merged into the wagon road just fin-ished to the new village of Harlem. After a cooling draught he was ready to go on his way past Pelham Mamor to Greenwich and Stamford and so on to New Haven, Hartford and Spring-field, crossing all rivers and arms of the sea in boats as was necessary un-til the last of the eighteenth century. Now it was a stretch of newly built English wagon road that our postman followed, but oftener a mere bridle-path, or an ancient Indian trail; and sometimes the way had to be indi-

forest. From Springfield eastward his path must have followed the same winding water courses of which the Boston and Albany Railroad now takes advantage climbing near Quabaug to a thousand feet above sea level, then gently de-scending into the pleasant valley of

the Charles. While our indefatigable carrier was thus earning his "handsome livelihood," thus earning his "handsome livelinood, a locked box stood in the secretary's office in New York awaiting his return, and in it from day to day the little heap of eastward letters grew.

When the postman returned with his prepaid mail he emptied his New York bag on a broad table in the coffeehouse where citizens most did con-

That locked box and that coffee-nouse table had in them the prophecy of the great postoffice that now stands in City Hall Park, and indirectly of all the postoffices, urban and rural, in English-speaking America.

AUGUSTA SHERSHEVSKY, age 13.

The King's Daughter. There was once a king's daughter who had fallen in love with a poor young man and since her father would

not consent to her marrying him they

COLUMBUS STATUE IN NEW YORK-

Although Columbus Day, Oct. 12, was founded in honor of the navigator and his discovery of America on that day in 1492, it is devoted mainly to other uses than the glorification of the discoverer. This year politics will hold the center of the stage in most of the thirty-three states in which Columbus Day is celebrated as a legal holiday, the politicoans and states were taking advantage of the holiday

SPEND 10 CENTS! DON'T STAY BILIOUS, SICK, HEADACHY, CONSTIPATED.

CAN'T HARM YOU! BEST CATHAR-TIC FOR MEN, WOMEN AND

speck of sand is changed into a levely pearl.

It has grown bigger and smoother as the two fied into a forest and lived the fluid has settled on it, just as a snowball grows. This is the sort of pearl that ladies wear in rings or in bracelets. But there is another sort of pearl. This is the lining of the oyster shell. It is called mother-of-pearl, and is used to make ornaments and buttons and the handles of knives and forks.

CHILDREN.

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and bowel poison which keeps you bilious, heading the tried to kill it and immediately it changed into a magician with seven heads who came down and with seven heads who came down and with seven heads who came down and stormach sour—Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug forks.

Now this man had a son who having Now the man had a son who having the poison which keeps you bilious, heading the tried to kill it and immediately it changed into a magician with seven heads who came down and stormach sour—Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug.

Now this man had a son who having liver and bowel cleansing you ever expectations.

BOYS ON THE BORDER RELIEVED THEIR PAINS AND ACHES WITH SLOAN'S LINIMENT Once upon a time Norman Jones, serving in the National Guard at El Paso, returned to camp after a strenuous 15 mile hike foot-sore and leg-weary. He had not been long in active service and his shoulders, back and limbs felt the after-effects of marchine.

Easily applied without rubbing. At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00.

ree, he saw the blackbird flying

tree, he saw the blackbird flying through the air and soon the magician stood before him and said:

"I killed your father and now I will kill you, too."

Hardly had he said these words when a lion appeared and attacked him and quickly killed him. Then the lion changed into a beautiful lady.

She told the man that she was a fairy, and that the magician had been her greatest enemy and that it was only possible for her to overcome him under that tree. And because this young man was the cause of the magician's coming there, she was always friendly to him afterwards, and helped him to become king of that country him to become king of that country when the old king died. ROSE KELKENNY, age 11. Norwich.

Dental Preparedness. What is the most important attrisoldier?

Good eyesight?

Good brains? No. What then! Good teeth,

A soldier may have good feet, good eyesight, and good brains but if he has bad teeth, he can't eat. If he can't eat he can't march near enough to the enemy to see him and use his orains to fight him.

How does a soldier get good teeth?

By having good teeth in childhood.

How do children keep good teeth?

Through being taught by their nother how to keep their teeth clean and having their teeth looked after while they are growing. This makes good teeth for future soldiers. It would seem then as though the first patriotic duty of a mother was to keep her cluldren's teeth in good

POLITICS WILL PERVADE THIS YEAR'S CELEBRATION OF COLUMBUS DAY, OCT. 12



men taking advantage of the holiday to spread their views before the pub-lic. President Wilson will deliver a nonpolitical address in Indianapolis. Photograph shows the Columbus statue in Central Park, New York. FEEL FINE! TAKE

"CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

The oyster shell is very rough outside, but he must have a smooth bed on which to lie, and so he sends out his fluid to harden and to coat the inside of the shell smooth and beautiful like the lovellest enamel, only better.

The best pearl oysters are found off parts of the coast of Australia, New

SOLDIERS GOT RELIEF FROM SORENESS